







Gettysburg, Pa., Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1902

**HONEST ABE, U. S. M.**  
HE CONTINUES TO TENDER ADVICE  
TO CONSTITUENTS.**The Burnt Mail Carrier Hears Tales  
of Woe From Uncle Perry, Farmer  
Tillman and Mollie Larkins as His  
Debtors Fly the Coop.**

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

**W**HEN I got along to Uncle Joe Perry's the other day, the old man was waiting, and he had a sad look of trouble on his face, and after we had passed the time of day he said:

"Abe, I've had a calamity around here; see I saw you last."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Martha has left me."

"You don't mean that she's left you?"

"Yes, I do. Yes, sir, she walked off yesterday noon, and she's down at Skinner's and says she'll never live with me another day."

"Pretty sudden, wasn't it?"

"Very sudden, which was sooner prepared for a host up of some sort. Martha and me has been disputin' for the last six months, and neither of us would give in. Abe, you know a heap, don't you?"

"I do, Uncle Joe."

"Are you in the country sheriff?"

"Twice as big!"

"Want, I want to ask you a question. You know what apple sars is, of course. You eat it, don't you?"

"Not a bit of it; it costs me."

"So you don't call it sars?"

"No, no, no, apple sauce."

"Say, Abe," says Uncle Joe as a frightened look came to his eyes, "don't fool a feller about this thing. It seems to me that it must be either sars or sars. You know what it is, and I'm untroubled about it. I called it sars, and she called it sars, and we both thought we was right. Don't write with me, Abe."

"What should it? It's neither sars nor sars, but sars, and you were both wrong, and didn't you say somebody about it long ago?"

"I did. I asked Jim Tompkins, and he said it was sars. Jim was with a circus for two years, and I thought he ought to know. Martha, she also asked. She asked Tom Bailey's wife, and she was told that it was sars. Tom Bailey's wife went up in a tantrum once."

"Well, Uncle Joe," I said as I got ready to drive on, "you and Martha are both wrong, and there was no cause to quarrel and separate. Better get to go again."

"Oh, thunder, we beat! Write that word down on a piece of paper for me, Abe, and I'll be at Skinner's in half an hour and make it all up with Martha. I think she'll come back when she understands things, and I'll follow her. I'll be back in time for the rest of our days on earth."

There was also trouble at Farman Tillman's, where I always feed my horse at noon. Mr. Tillman wasn't at home, and his wife had such a look of sorrow on her face that I straightaway asked her if any of her aunts or uncles were dead.

"I don't want to complain of Henry," she replied, "but he's awfully soft and mushy about certain things and won't be talking about it.

"Yes."

"I want to go to that circus, Abe. I haven't seen one since I was married. Henry has got his back up and says he won't let me go. He was a right tight wad, but I'll be in dispute."

"What about?"

"About the earth, Abe. It's round, isn't it?"

"Of course."

"And it revolves, doesn't it?"

"It does."

"Well, Henry won't have it that way. He says it's as flat as a pancake and that it don't revolve any more than our big sun. We got into a dispute about it, and as I wouldn't give in to him, he took me to the circus. He says the circus might revolve and pitch as high as the moon. What am I going to do, Abe?"

"I'm thinkin', Abe; I'm thinkin', and I'm thinkin'." And he went on.

"And bone, fingers, webs, bears, bones, and alligators."

"I'm thinkin', Abe; I'm thinkin'."

"And a hundred spotted horses and two clowns, with men tumbling somersaults and women jumping through loops of fire. Then there'll be a trick mule, a chariot race, red lemonade and fresh roasted peanuts."

"Ain't it will break my heart if I don't see it?" he said.

"Then you're in. When Henry comes home this evening, tell him he better think it over and have come to the conclusion that the earth is flat. Tell him that if it wasn't flat all the curtain houses would be lying over to the east, and the ballyhoo to the west. Don't miss a good thing for the sake of an argument."

"Ab, you are a good man—a pure good man," says Mrs. Tillman as she smiled on me through her tears, "and when I see you that circus is the best you can find."

"This morning I just right at the Larsons' farmhouse, I drove up to the gate just as Bill Heppenstall, the lared man, was leaving with a bundle of clothes, and as Mollie Larkins came down from the door and asked her what was wrong.

"Mollie, I told my mother, Mrs. Bill, but I won't do that again," explained.

"And Bill is going away?"

"Yes, he's going to commit suicide."

"Show! Then you don't love him?"

"I thought I did, Abe, but four weeks ago I didn't."

"And he has a lightning rod man. I remember that he was along here. You met a lightning rod man, and he aroused a new affection in your heart?"

"Aye, and you discovered that you could only have a sister to Bill Heppenstall."

"That's it, Abe. One ought to marry for love, hadn't she?"

"Sure, Don't mistake sisterly affection for overwhelming love. It's all very well, but I don't want to die for Bill and do the same for the lightning rod man, don't do the wrong thing. This is the man of thunderstorms worthy of you!"

"It's simply gorgeous, Abe."

"And you're far from that you can trust your happiness with him?"

"He says he'll love me for ever and ever."

"Then marry him, my dear. Mrs. Tillman as she smiled on me through her tears, "and when I see you that circus is the best you can find."

"I hope you are a angel in a coat."

"I hope you are a angel in a coat, but I've got an old woman and four sons, and I hope that make the best of it. To, to, to, and I hope to dance at your wedding."

M. QUAD.

Ambidextrous.

As you're the great male of yours, uncle. How do we work?"

Uncle Like—Yes, sah; he kick his legs as well as his front legs as his hind ones.—Philadelphia Press.

# CANCEROUS ULCERS

Are in many respects like other ulcers, and this resemblance often proves fatal. Valuable time is lost in fruitless efforts to heal the sore, because the germs of Cancer that are multiplying in the blood and the new Cancer cells which are constantly developing keep up the irritation and discharge, and at last sharp shooting pains announce the approach of the eating and sloughing stage, and a hideous sickness whose sore begins its destruction.

In February, 1869, I noticed a lump on my lower lip. The doctor said it was a cancer, and he sent me to an open sore. I began to eat S. S. and after I had taken seven boxes of the Swift Specific, and the discharge of the ulcer ceased, and the signs of the disease have been absent since. W. P. Brown, Hollands, Ga.

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Record Your Deeds.

By examination of the late Act of the Legislature, approved May, 19th, A. D., it will be seen that all Deeds and Conveyances made before the passage of this Act, *SHALL* be recorded in the office for the Recording of Deeds, etc., within ninety days or else be adjudged frauds and void as to any subsequent purchases.

All persons having unrecorded Deeds will see the importance of having them recorded without delay.

GEO. E. SPANGLER,  
DEALER IN  
Pianos & Organs,

Phonograph Records,  
Music Boxes and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Music Strings, Etc.

PIANOS—  
Selby, Steinway, Kimball, White and Black, Reed and others.

ORGANS—  
Farrant & Vaux, Kimball, Westervelt, Carpenter, Wilcox & White and others.

RECORDING APPARATUS—  
C. A. & J. E. STONEY,  
Proprietors Battledore Nurseries,  
Gettysburg, Pa.

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in one letter about

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From Capt. D. L. Corp, Police Station No. 5, Get